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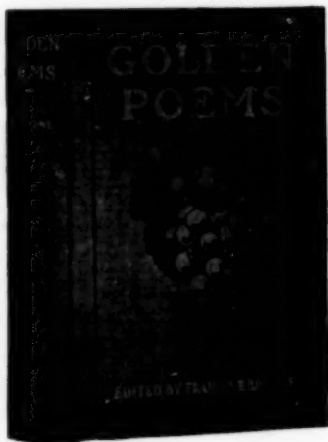
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THE ARCHITECTURAL BACKGROUND OF LITERATURE.

Nature and Humanity are the terms of literature, but there is a third factor which has grown to great proportions. This is the architectural background; that part of nature which man has infused with his own spirit, and uses as a nest, a refuge, and a fortress. Unlike the snail and tortoise, he does not carry his house upon his back; but in some measure, like them, he secretes it from his own nature. It is his second skin—the vestiture he places between himself and the world. The colder or more varied the climate, the closer does he hug to this outer weaving, the more intimate his relations are to it. In a region where people live in the public square, where a man can wrap himself in a cloak and sleep under the foliage and stars, houses have not much importance in life or in its reflected mirror of literature. Existence in Greece and Italy was existence in the open air; and so it was with literature. The walls of Troy, the tents and ships of the Greeks, the palaces of Ulysses or Alcinous, are briefly indicated in comparison with the wealth of detail which a northern writer would have expended upon them.

The forms of architecture show this difference in interest. Architecture for the Greeks was for the gods and rulers. It was an affair of state, a comparatively outward thing, upon which, indeed, all taste and cost might be expended, but which was not the intimate life-expression of northern races. The Greeks stuck four posts in the ground, put a roof over them, and were content. The lines of the Parthenon are duplicated in the first barn or Quaker meeting-house one comes to. Accepting the laws of equilibrium so simply, they were free to expend their whole energies on the casing of such a shell; could carve and paint and decorate. Gothic architecture, on the contrary, is a protest against the laws of gravitation. It gives wings to stone, turns timber to cloud. It is a prayer, an agony, a dream. All this is not to say that, architecturally, it is better than the Greek style. Indeed, as architecture is a material art, the physical perfection of the Greek may consort with its end and aim better than the spiritual aspiration of the Gothic. But the last is more individual, more steeped and dyed in human

feeling. And it has reacted upon literature to an enormously greater extent. Buildings and houses in the North have become the persons of the drama. Heine imagined a scene where all the cathedrals of Europe should be gathered together on a vast plain, and a quarrel should arise among them, and they should rush on each other in awful combat. And one can shut one's eyes and call up an endless procession of the houses of men rebuilt by words in modern literature.

The line would begin away back with Asgard, the home of the gods, whose building calls the curse upon them; and with Walhalla, where the Valkyrie maidens bring the slain warriors to revive and quaff their mead in endless feast. Then there is Brunhyld's home, and the Hall of Etzel where occurs the most prodigious slaughter in fiction. And there is Conon's palace at Emania, whither Déirdre comes to die. But these are mythological and heroic habitations; and it is not until we come to Chaucer that we get down to the earth, and have houses with chimneys and fireplaces, abodes where it snows of meat and drink. Spenser is of the South, or of some No Man's Land. His house is out of doors; he has a passion for gardens and "salvage wilds"; it is only now and then that he dashes in a vignette of some hut or hermitage or hall, "seated in hearing of a hundred streams," where real people would want to dwell.

In the printed drama, the architectural interest is of course skeletonized. Such scenic directions as "a room in a palace" or "before the altar in a church" are bare bones from which one can extract little nutriment. Yet by hints and indirections, by the issue of the actions, the Castle of Macbeth looms sombre and gigantic, the most tremendous projection of its kind. And the Palace at Elsinore, seen at first with glimmering lights through the darkness, denoted by the salvo of cannon which hails the revelry of the King, fills the imagination. The Tower of London broods over and dominates a succession of Shakespeare's historical dramas. The late Richard Mansfield felt this so keenly that in his production of "Richard III." he opened with a silent scene which merely showed the huge mass of the fortress where so much of the interest of the play centres. In Belmont, Shakespeare is Italian, but he gives the place a touch of home enchantment which probably no Italian poet could have equalled. And he contrives also to make the cave in "Cymbeline," Miranda's home in "The

Tempest," and Duke Theseus's palace, instinct with the same charm.

The pseudo classical eighteenth century was a homeless one, at least in literature. Nobody seemed to be impressed with the poetry of houses; sermons in stone did not sink into the mind of that light, frivolous, social age. The influence of buildings is a romantic power, and only when the Romantic revival hove in sight did it come into its own. The "Mysteries of Udolpho" is really an epoch-making work in this respect. Here again was the subtle domination or alliance of architecture and action. Cowper, in "The Task," sang the home, its snugness and comfort; and Burns rescued the humble cottage for poetry. From the despised, rejected Defoe, we get what is almost the most notable instance of the significance of home-building. The fascination of "Robinson Crusoe," I think, arises from the fact that it shows the whole genesis and growth of man's necessary shelter. We see the human animal putting this together, bit by bit, furnishing it with needed implements, foraying forth from it in search of food. There is nothing in the work but the absolutely elemental facts of existence.

Sir Walter Scott gathered all the Romantic threads into his single hand, and the architectural background thrusts forward prodigiously in his pages. From Roslyn Castle, Fair Melrose, the Hall of the Last Minstrel, to Baron Bradwardine's house, and Ravenswood, and Kenilworth and Woodstock, he has a long succession of houses whose façades or interiors echo and complete the human action.

But it was reserved for later Romance writers to carry the architectural theme to its limit. Victor Hugo deliberately made Notre Dame the central personage, the protagonist of his novel. Hawthorne, in "The House of the Seven Gables," essayed the same theme on a lesser scale. Balzac and Dickens are almost more the historians of houses than of humanity. In the Alkabeth of the former, the house and its furniture are as much alive as the people. And Dickens seems to have tried to body forth all the picturesqueness and gloom of London, all the quaintness and charm of English villages.

There attaches to houses and buildings where men abide, first the property feeling, the feeling which each individual has that such an abode is his seat and throne, "a poor thing" perhaps, but their own. Then there is the sense of seclusion, of privacy, of a circumscribed world. Catullus, always curiously modern and romantic, has an exquisite touch, where, after wander-

ing over many seas, among many people, he returns to his peninsula abode at Sirmio and stretches his limbs upon his own couch and feels the luxury of home.

This little universe of the house has its central sun in the fireplace. The hearth has always been a superstition with the Aryan race. We are all fire-worshippers. A good part of the Vedas is devoted to the ritual of the hearth-fire. The home too is, or was until recently, the peculiar province of woman. It might be discourteous to call her the moon which revolves around the sacred hearth, and perhaps in summer when the fires are out, or in steam-heated apartments, she must herself be all the warmth and light. Men, with their glowing cigars or puffing pipes, are the stars and clouds of this little world. The idea of food, too, attaches to the house. We can, of course, eat out-of-doors; but eating as a fine art suggests a house with the accompaniments and conveniences that pertain thereto. What a frame is to a picture the walls and windows of a room are to such a festal site. Perhaps such restriction concentrates and intensifies nearly all human actions, which is one reason why modern writers show such a preference for interiors.

It is hardly an over-fanciful idea that the walls of buildings may absorb, and give out again in influence, the actions, dramas, sorrows or felicities which may have occurred within them. Ghosts certainly belong almost exclusively to houses, or have but a tethered pasturage outside. In Bulwer's extraordinary story of "The House and the Brain" we get the conception of a whole building plastic and pliant as it were to the evil will of a long-dead occupant. Secret passages, disused and mouldering chambers, dungeons, treasure closets, ruins, have all proved valuable assets in literature. In the latter part of the eighteenth century there was a great run on ruins, but they have rather gone out of fashion despite this picturesque and imaginative associations. Of course the other side of architecture — its beauty, grandeur, charm, and convenience — have all been exploited in poetry and fiction. The stately homes of England, in Mrs. Hemans' phrase, live in a thousand word-pictures. We have them all on our imaginary visiting-list: Darcy's fine mansion, which turned Elizabeth Bennet to marry him; Esmond's Castlewood, Peacock's Headlong Hall or Crochet Castle, Shirley's house, Wuthering Heights, and many more whose precincts have been our haunts of pleasure or of wonder.

The Inn is the house raised to the nth power. It offers the unexpected and the piquant, — comfort without care, company without responsibility, variety without dullness. Meals simply happen; they come at the clapping of our hands. And adventures occur without the trouble of seeking them. As a consequence literature is crowded with inns; its pages reek with the savory smoke of their chimneys, glow with the rich light of their fires, echo with the clatter of their dishes, the voices and laughter of their guests. All inns in literature have some merit, even the scurvy Spanish inn of Don Quixote. But French and English inns are best. Those of Chicot and Dom Modiste, of D'Artagnan and his friends, of Scott and Dickens, are delightful enough to draw back translated spirits from heaven. The greatest of all in the whole range of fiction is the Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap, whether Shakespeare or Goldsmith invites us over its threshold. There is a passage in one of Hazlitt's essays which seems to me to express the inn feeling at its perfection. After a long summer-day's walk, he has arrived at a country inn and ensconced himself in the cosy coffee-room looking out on an old garden. The supper, though simple, is good, and he has a volume of Congreve in his pocket, upon whose glittering prose he regales himself by way of dessert. Never, he says, did he feel the charm of literature and of life to a greater degree.

It would be invidious to say nothing of the lodgings and chambers where so many good fellows, poets, artists, soldiers, men of leisure, the gay rattling advance-guard of each generation, have made their first stand in the fight for place and fortune. The roll-call of such lodgers of literature would be longer than the catalogue of the Ships; but Tom Jones, Thaddeus of Warsaw, Nigel Olifaunt, Warrington, Pendennis, Mr. Pickwick (young at least in spirit), Marius and Our Boys, rise to mind. And the prisons or sponging-houses where so many of these heroes temporarily bring up ought not to be neglected. Nor should the cloister cells of colleges, where they have their larvæ state before they spread their splendid butterfly wings, go without mention.

We are not altogether lacking in antiquity in America, but as a rule we are so furious in rebuilding that we do not let our houses acquire the mellow crust of age, the traditions, memories, ghosts, which would make them serviceable to literature. And we march over so vast an estate that our architecture is more puzzling than pic-

turesque. One difficulty with our architecture is the varying climate with which we are endowed; a building which is suitable for our winter is ridiculous in our summer, and the reverse. But we are gradually emerging from architectural chaos, and doubtless literature will follow on and decorate our homes "with the wreathed trellis of a working brain."

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE POET-DREAM OF A WORLD-REPUBLIC—of a warless and strifeless time presaged in Tennyson's lines from "Locksley Hall," when

"The war-drums throb no longer, and the battle-flags are furl'd

In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World;
There the common-sense of most shall hold a fretful realm
in awe,

And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapp'd in universal
Law,"—

this poet-dream finds a peculiar echo in some words of Björnson, uttered twenty years ago in a conversation lately reported by Mr. James W. M. Hall of Cambridge: "One of these days, I think Scandinavia and the United States will be one Grand Republic, and possibly England, too." And now it appears that no less a dignitary than the King of Italy is reported to have made, in a recent interview with Mr. Maxim Gorky, the following profession of republicanism: "If the people want a monarch, let them have one. If they want a republic, well, let them have it. But what I want is the United States of the World. There should be one President of the World, to be elected once every five years." Perhaps some might think the term proposed too petty for a scheme so grand, and that the Mexican method of having a President for life affords a more likely model; yet this is a detail to be adjusted later. The main thing now is to find the Man, the Great One who is to serve as President of this World Republic. There is not long to wait: voices innumerable are eager to shout his name over the roofs of the world,—but let royalty here have precedence. All eyes in this great world-convention are fixed on the Italian King, as he points impressively to "the most commanding personality of his generation . . . Theodore Roosevelt." Ah!—of course—it was inevitable; "the greatest man in the world," as a prominent Englishman (Sir Joseph Dimsdale) is reported to have called him in a public address, should certainly be at the head of the World Republic. Holland, the home of so many of Mr. Roosevelt's progenitors, is all ready for him. "If the Dutch people could vote," declares a returned traveller, "Roosevelt could be elected ruler of Holland." In his own land, the endorsements are of course too many and too vociferous to quote; but we will give one, from Dr. Rockwell D. Hunt of California, which touches our fancy by its elo-

quence and sincerity: "Theodore Roosevelt is the greatest of living men, the 'most startling character since Napoleon.' . . . The conditions are perfect; the hero of San Juan and the Peace of Portsmouth, in the midst of his matchless powers, is henceforth called to serve humanity by accepting the post never before proffered to mortal man—President of the United States of the World." What more is there to say? By all means, let us have the U. S. W., with Roosevelt as ruler,—

Till the ironclads are scuttled, and insurgents' flags are furl'd
In the Parliament of Man, the Great Republic of the World;
There the sight of the Big Stick shall hold the fretful realms
in awe,

While the great World Boanerges smites the universal jaw.

. . .

LIBRARY DEVELOPMENT FROM YEAR TO YEAR cannot now be expected to show any startling leaps and bounds of progress. The library, like the school, the university, the hospital, or the public park, has long ago passed its experimental stage, and now settles down to long centuries (as we hope) of usefulness and honor. The late annual gathering of librarians at Mackinac Island was well attended, and was undoubtedly stimulating to all present; but no epoch-making acts or decisions, no world-awakening speeches, no debates or momentous issues, made it of preëminent importance in the series of annual conventions, now thirty-two in number, that have helped to establish the dignity and weight of the American Library Association as a national institution. We have learned, in the course of the customary addresses and discussions, that the paper on which our daily news is printed is of so perishable a nature that in half a century those journals that are now being bound for preservation will be crumbling to dust—not the greatest imaginable loss to literature, yet one that might be prevented if newspaper publishers were actuated more largely by altruistic motives. Dr. E. C. Richardson of the Princeton University Library was appointed a delegate to the International Conference of Librarians at Brussels in August, and other delegates will be selected to accompany him. At the election of officers for the coming year Mr. J. I. Wyer, Jr., Director of the New York State Library School at Albany, was chosen President, an honor to which his intelligent activity in library affairs entitles him.

. . .

THE FLUENCY OF MR. CHESTERTON'S PEN, which has long astonished the world and alarmed the wise ones among his well-wishers, is daily becoming more astonishing and more alarming. His latest book, "What's Wrong with the World," which we may be pardoned for feeling reasonably sure will not have any appreciable effect toward righting it, is to be followed by a work on William Blake, a life of Hood for the "English Men of Letters" series, and a fantastic novel of the same character, we infer, as "The Man Who was Thursday." Truly, this bright young man is making a fine harvest of royalties

while the sun of popular favor shines on him. But the writing of four books a season, or even one book a month, loses something of its amazing quality when one considers how much of this facile output is merely a variation on a few ever-recurring refrains, whose hypnotizing note will be recognized in the following from the above-mentioned latest book: "How can it be a large career to tell other people's children about the rule of three, and a small career to tell one's own children about the universe? How can it be broad to be the same thing to everyone, and narrow to be everything to someone?" As a maker of pert paradoxes, Mr. Chesterton has a facility that comes from practice; but we think others could turn them out almost as well at a pinch. For example,—What difference does it make whether the world seems upside-down to three-quarters of the human race, or three-quarters of the human race take an upside-down view of the world? With what reason do we complain that there are only three hundred and sixty-five and a quarter days in the year, and sigh with impatience for the coming of the millennium? And, finally,—Why should people relish the warmed-over platitudes of Mr. Chesterton, and yawn over the aphorisms of Martin Tupper?

THE RECREATIONS OF LIBRARIANS ought to lie as much as possible outside the world of books and catalogues and dating-stamps and charging systems, and all the rest of the paraphernalia of their profession. It is pleasant to note the round-table discussion, conducted by Librarian Ranck of Grand Rapids at the late annual A. L. A. Conference at Mackinac Island, on the subject of desirable recreations for those of his calling. Various sorts of sport and exercise were wittily treated, and in so appreciative a manner as to prove that the librarian, however learned and dignified, is yet a human being. Not that we do not still have with us the old-school guardian of books who asks for no amusement more wildly exciting than is furnished in the pages of a trade catalogue or a bibliography. In fact, we have in mind one of this sedate and book-learned school of librarians who finds in the daily round, the common task, all he needs or asks for. But all work and no play makes the librarian a dull pedant, and modern library methods and ideals call for workers of a different sort.

THE UNRECOGNIZED DISCOVERER OF THE TEMPLE LIBRARY AT NIPPUR, Dr. John Henry Haynes, who recently died broken-hearted and worn out by the long and acrimonious dispute (in which he took no public part) over the famous find, addressed a few words of modest self-justification, before his death, to his friends in western Massachusetts, through the columns of a North Adams journal. He says, among other details concerning the work of the expedition under his charge: "The collection here referred to as the 'Temple Library' was discovered after a long-continued, earnest and pains-

taking search for tablets, when suddenly, and much to my surprise, I came upon the 'library,' which was found at a depth of eighteen feet in about one-half dozen rooms. That the complete collection was secured is clearly proved by the fact that the exploration of the surrounding rooms and buildings revealed no further trace of tablets or any kind of inscription. . . . The best years of my life have been freely and fully given to the prosecution of the work, as a sacred mission and trust. No personal interests have been allowed to conflict with its duties or detract from its results. I have no apology to offer to anyone for facts herein given to the public, and only regret the necessity for correcting misapprehensions of facts in a work dearer than all else in my life." This death-bed utterance should prove convincing and final. Personal acquaintance with Dr. Haynes moves us to present his case and to hope that the honors withheld in life will now be accorded him after his lamented death.

THE LURE AWAY FROM THE LIBRARY, which has caused so notable and universal a decline in circulation statistics, and to some extent in library attendance, is made the subject of a little symposium conducted by that alert and interesting monthly, "Public Libraries." "Good times" and the moving-picture show are almost unanimously held to be among the chief causes of the decrease in the demand for books. One correspondent, who fails to see why the decline should be so marked in the juvenile department of libraries, is answered that "good times" mean more nickels for the children to spend at the peep-show, and hence fewer hours to devote to reading. Another writer asserts that the automobile is responsible for this slighting of the library; and it is not hard to admit that the man who, with begoggled eyes, unsightly, tight-fitting cap, high-buttoned dust-coat, and with tense expression on his face, nervous dread in his attitude, and wearing that unmistakable automobilious look in his countenance, goes racing and honking through nature's garden, is hardly in a condition, mentally or physically, to find comfort or enjoyment in books.

THE FREE DISTRIBUTION OF UNSPOKEN SPEECHES, or of speeches spoken before empty chairs, by our national law-makers, has reached such a magnitude that it forms no inconsiderable factor in our annual post-office deficit, of which we hear so much. So freely is the franking privilege used that—as is estimated by a post-office official—enough dead-head mail has gone out of Washington since the first of January to fill a freight-train that would need five engines to haul it. One recent order, on the government printing-house and on the postal service, provided for the distribution of eight hundred thousand copies of a windy oration delivered by a Western senator, and as many more are still to go forth, it is said, to various parts of the country. This national encouragement of an all but universal

human weakness, the *cacoethes loquendi*, is of course the height of extravagant folly. No one profits by it, least of all the senator or representative thus enamored of his own verbosity. Votes will not be captured nor political converts made by this frenzied use of the franking privilege.

COMMUNICATIONS.

PERFECTION IN PROSE STYLE.—A MODERN ENGLISH INSTANCE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Your remarks in THE DIAL for July 16, concerning the scrupulous literary workmanship of Gustave Flaubert and the late Jules Renard, can hardly fail to remind us of the similar quality in the work of our English Walter Pater—*that parfait prosateur*, as Bourget once pronounced him.

Prolonged communion with his own soul in his *tour d'ivoire* evolved for him a unique philosophical creed of intense living. His own splendid words best express this attitude of his toward the serious aspects of life:

"Every moment some form grows perfect in hand or face; some tone on the hills or the sea is choicer than the rest; some mood of passion or insight or intellectual excitement is irresistibly real and attractive for us,—for that moment only. . . . A counted number of pulses only is given to us of a variegated, dramatic life. How may we see in them all that is to be seen in them by the finest senses? How shall we pass most swiftly from point to point, and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy? To burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life."

The New Cyrenaicism of this modern Aristippus, the hedonism of the ancient Epicurean communicated to the spirit of this modern pagan, afforded a practical guide to the proper conduct of the intellectual life and made especially mandatory a certain definite attitude toward the products of the *beaux arts*. To be constantly immersed in the crystal stream of pleasurable sensation, one must not squander his time or energy in attempting to fathom turbid waters. The most masterful creations only must serve to appease our æsthetic appetites—those which express the very thought and spirit of the author. "The essence of all artistic beauty," writes Pater in one of his lectures, "is expression, . . . the line, the color, the word, following obediently and with minute scruple the conscious motions of a convinced, intelligible soul." To the intellectual anarchy of his time he believed this principle a stranger. He accordingly advised writers to take more pains and write English as a learned language. His own tiresome and torturous labor with the pen proved how punctilious he was—a veritable priest preserving the fountain of English speech pure and undefiled.

His own words, put in the thought of his one notable creation, Marius the Epicurean, best exemplify his artistic restraint in the use of superfluous words:

"He would make of it [the native speech] a serious study, weighing the precise power of every phrase and word, as though it were precious metal, disentangling the later associations and going back to the original and native sense of each—restoring to full significance all its wealth of latent figurative expression." . . . "From the very beginning of professional literature, the 'labour of the file'—a labour in the case of Plato, for instance, or Virgil, like that of the oldest

of goldsmiths as described by Apuleius, enriching the work by far more than the weight of precious metal it removed—has always had its function."

This whole matter is aptly summed up in the essay on Style:

"For in truth all art does but consist in the removal of surplusage, from the last finish of the gem-engraver blowing away the last particle of invisible dust, back to the earliest divination of the finished work to be, lying somewhere, according to Michelangelo's fancy, in the rough-hewn block of stone."

The "Conclusion" to "The Renaissance" best illustrates how Pater himself laboriously wielded the file. It contains in brief outline the summary of his philosophical and artistic creed, every word pregnant with purposeful meaning. I cannot forbear quoting a few lines.

"While all melts under our feet, we may well catch at any exquisite passion, or any contribution to knowledge that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange colours, and curious odors, or work of the artist's hands, or the face of one's friend. Not to discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us, and in the brilliancy of their gifts some tragic dividing of forces on their ways, is, on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening."

On this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening. How much is conveyed in these few words!—how poignant the sense they give us of the brevity of human life! And what penetrating precision they show in the handling of the tools of English speech!

HERMAN B. TANNER.

Brooklyn, N. Y., July 19, 1910.

COLLEGES AND THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Recently, at the meeting of the National Teachers' Association in Boston, there was a somewhat sharp attack on the Carnegie Foundation, one much distressed high-school teacher complaining because the Foundation is compelling colleges to live up to some reasonable standards of entrance requirements,—in brief, because it is insisting that some things are worth counting toward a college degree and some other things are not. It is contended by the critics of the Foundation that the preparation for college which it demands of secondary schools is not a preparation for life; that college education itself is not such a preparation. The fact of the matter is,—and we ought to face it squarely,—that preparation for life, as it is lived by some people, is not entitled to any academic recognition whatever.

Educationally, here in America, we have been facing the problem of granting academic distinction to people whose sole title to such honors has been that, figuratively, they have learned how to dig post-holes carefully. It is the business of the college to say clearly and without any truckling that its distinctions are to be bestowed upon those who have done a particular kind of work and have done it with a certain degree of thoroughness; and upon them only. It must always have, as one of its chief aims, that of establishing a proper sense of values; declaring that some things are more worth while than others; that a scholar and a gentleman is a little finer product of our educational machinery than a clown, however efficient the clown may be in doing his part of the world's work; and that its rewards and recognitions are for intellectual effort of a certain high type, and for that alone. The high-school teacher referred to

complains that the Carnegie Foundation is a monopoly. In a certain sense that is true, but it has the justification of being a legitimate and proper monopoly. It is a monopoly instituted in defense of those who hold certain badges of accomplishment, and are not willing to have them cheapened through being offered as the reward of another and quite different sort of achievement. The protest by this teacher that these badges cannot be secured by him for his pupils on his conditions,—that is, by doing a kind of work that he calls practical, instead of that kind that should introduce them to the intellectual life of the world,—is at least amusing. It is a plea for equality of standing in spite of inequality of condition; a plea that we shall have to ignore, if college degrees are to mean anything or be things sought after by ambitious young men and women.

Doubtless in a democracy the difficulty of maintaining what in a sense is class distinction is peculiarly serious. It is one of the dangers of political equality that it makes it less easy to preserve the finer ideals of the better classes against the clamors of the mob. That is in part the business of the colleges and universities; and in a democracy the problem is complicated by the circumstance that some of the official conservers of ideals in educational institutions have never come into possession of those ideals themselves in any deep sense, because those who are not to the manner born cannot acquire them in the class-room, and yet for the patient and the industrious some class-rooms at least are the road to educational preferment. Again, the very expansion of our educational system which is one of the splendid achievements of our American democracy has brought about instruction in a vast variety of subjects, acquaintance with which is not the mark of any acquirements entitled to any honor or reward beyond that for which they have been in the first instance pursued—material success in life. The teachers of these subjects, however, do not wish to be counted among the outer barbarians, and they are aggressive and powerful by reason of their numbers. They campaign for their cause unceasingly; but the distinction between working with the brain and working with the hands, between spending even mental energy upon big problems and upon little problems, is a distinction vital in things themselves, and no amount of propagandism will ever change it.

"That is what we want," said the teacher to whom reference has been made, speaking of his demand for recognition of everything that the high school may see fit to offer as preparation for college. "Don't fool yourselves,—there's a lot yet to be done." He fools himself seriously if he imagines that the educational world is ever going to count skill in digging post-holes, however studiously acquired, equal to skill in unravelling or attacking some of the great human problems. Some people must forever be satisfied with a training for life that does not merit academic distinction, and they must leave such academic distinction to those who really deserve it by reason of their devotion to other problems of another and a higher kind of life. Perhaps it is a pity that we cannot all be so distinguished; but when we are, a great many of us will not care for distinction, and the world will settle into a dead level of mediocrity. Then we will be universally content to go to our several human destinies through reform-schools with industrial educational attachments, or other like institutions, without feeling that there is anything to differentiate us sharply from university graduates. That

will make earth a paradise for some sections of society against whose undue activities the Carnegie Foundation and some other agencies bid fair to preserve us for awhile. No doubt we shall do well to increase the efficiency of all classes of people through education, to provide means for that more and more, to train the artisan steadily to greater effectiveness in his work; but we must all the more certainly provide safeguards against the presumptions of those who would break down real distinctions and put the stamp of gold and silver upon brass and lead.

LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH.

Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa, July 20, 1910.

THE QUESTION OF "IMMORAL DRAMA."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In a recent number of THE DIAL, a correspondent writing to commend a review of Mr. Clayton Hamilton's book on "The Theory of the Theatre" protests when he comes upon the quoted statement, "There is no such thing, *per se*, as an immoral subject for a play: in the treatment of the subject, and only in the treatment, lies the basis for ethical judgment of the piece."

It seems to me that the attempt to controvert the truth contained in this passage is of little value in considering the faults of the modern drama. Discussions of what plays or what novels ought to be produced or read can only add to the confusion in which the subject is involved, unless a vital distinction is kept clearly in mind—the distinction between the ethical and the aesthetic. Many a fruitless contention as to whether a thing is immoral or not resolves itself into a question of whether it offends the aesthetic sense. There are many things, not necessarily immoral, that refined people do not care to see or to talk much about; they are offensive to good taste, and hence not to be desired.

Those who uphold offensive plays because of "the lesson they teach" are only ridiculous; and the claim of pious motives on the part of managers who produce such dramas is obviously absurd. It seems no less absurd to insist that because a play's motive is offensive to taste, its subject-matter is immoral. If the spectator dislikes the theme of "Camille," for instance, let him say frankly that he is out of sympathy with such subjects for stage presentation,—not that the story of "Camille" is an immoral one. So long as a play tells the truth about the characters it deals with and the phase of life it portrays, it is not necessarily immoral. But if it outrages our sense of the aesthetic, or of plain decency, we may very properly condemn it on this score. To quote further from Mr. Hamilton:

"Critics who condemn 'Ghosts' because of its subject-matter might as well condemn 'Othello' because the hero kills his wife—what a suggestion, look you, to carry into our homes! 'Macbeth' is not immoral, though it makes night hideous with murder. The greatest of all Greek dramas, 'Edipus King,' is in itself sufficient proof that morality is a thing apart from subject-matter. The only way in which a play may be immoral is for it to cloud, in the spectator, the consciousness of those invariable laws of life which say to men 'Thou shalt' or 'Thou shalt not.'"

It would aid much to clear the discussion about "the immorality of present-day drama" to keep these points in view, and to distinguish clearly between that which offends our sense of delicacy and that which presents a false or vicious conception of life.

M. C. A.

Chicago, July 23, 1910.

The New Books.

THE MEMOIRS OF A PUSHFUL BARRISTER.*

To take to the law in middle life after tasting, if only in an amateur and *dilettante* fashion, the delights of the muses, is less common than to abandon the bar for the pursuit of art or literature. Mr. Thomas Edward Crispe, who has just given to the world his diverting "Reminiscences of a K. C.," did not take up the study of his ultimate profession until his thirty-eighth year, having until then been a lecturer, an actor of rather more than amateur pretensions, and the follower of a calling which he thus briefly describes in his opening chapter:

"On leaving school I was articled to a quasi profession, to complete my training, and eventually become what is called a scientific witness, and of my experiences before Committees of both Houses of Parliament, for and against Railway companies, School and local boards, drainage and other schemes, I shall have a word to say."

Called to the Bar in 1874, when he was forty-one years old, he made as a pleader so good use of his previously cultivated oratorical and histrionic powers that success was not long in coming to him in his new profession. In fact, he seems always to have had a happy knack of succeeding in whatever he undertook, and this facility marks the agreeable volume of miscellaneous recollections that now adds the honors of authorship to his other achievements. By no means to lawyers exclusively, but to all readers disposed to while away a summer's day with an anecdotal narrative of personal experience among men and women of more or less character and note—all frankly stated and frequently spiced with more than a pinch of self-complacency—Mr. Crispe's short and not seldom vivacious chapters will strongly appeal.

The loss of his father before his birth may have helped to develop early a not unpleasing self-assurance that carried the young man triumphantly through many an ordeal, from a lecture delivered at twenty-two before a critical London audience to his latest professional successes as King's Counsel. In this connection let us quote his advice to the law student who wishes to succeed as a pleader of causes.

"Let any young man who is training for the Bar remember, that if when he joins it he hides his candle under a bushel, no one will see the light. There is a difference between being opinionated and entertaining a good opinion of yourself; the latter is a tonic for suc-

cess, but if you take too much of the medicine—buy a coffin. A wholesome belief in your own ability can do no harm—a little modest assurance, and do not fail to express it. The man who dubs you egotist, windbag, and froth-blower, in all probability has no 'ego' of his own—not even an air retainer for intellectual bubbles. You must believe in yourself; if you do not, no one will believe in you."

If now the reader has not a pretty good mental picture of the pushful barrister whose diverting reminiscences we are considering, let him go to the book itself and fill in the details of the portrait. Possibly a few more extracts here will be an immediate aid. In an early chapter the author says, *à propos* of a stage kiss and embrace which he as "Citizen Sangfroid" had to give to "Pauline" in the play of "Delicate Ground,"—"I do not arrogate much to myself, but I can say I have always tried to do what I have had to do, thoroughly." This quality of whole-heartedness in his undertakings, including the writing of his "Reminiscences," is not the least of his engaging attributes. In the relation of certain youthful experiences in London occurs this characteristic passage:

"Once launched, I was soon sailing on my own account; but my life was not one of dissipation, rather of inquiry. I was acquisitive and wanted to see everything, and if I sometimes saw something which was not good for me, it did me no harm. I had seen it, and there was an end of it."

The record of Mr. Crispe's intercourse with stage folk in the years when he trod the boards contains many amusing and informing glimpses of theatrical celebrities, and occasionally a rapid pen-portrait of some literary or artistic character. A personal experience of his in engaging Thackeray to give his lectures on "The Four Georges" discovers in the great novelist sundry very human but not exactly admirable traits, including a robust appetite for flattery, hypersensitiveness to criticism, and a disposition to drive a hard bargain in pecuniary matters. But perhaps he is made all the more real to us by being represented as so undeniably human. A passing reference to Joseph Jefferson represents him as far more the one-part actor than he really was.

"At the Adelphi I saw Jefferson in *Rip van Winkle*, which had an enormous London success. Much later on, playgoers had the opportunity of seeing Mr. Tree as 'Rip'—an excellent and conscientious performance, but lacking the naturalness which so distinguished Jefferson, who was condemned to play the part for life, like Sothorn, who became the martyr of 'Lord Dundreary' in the humorous rôle of that very eccentric nobleman."

The following in regard to the incomparable Fanny Kemble, whom Mr. Crispe had engaged

* REMINISCENCES OF A K. C. By Thomas Edward Crispe, of the Middle Temple. With two portraits. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

for a course of Shakespeare readings at a literary club to which he belonged, is worth quoting.

"She was also a great success. I found her a charming woman, but much as her relative, Charles Santley, has recently described her. An air of repellent dignity seemed to dominate her, and she made one recognize that she was a person of importance. Her presence was quite Siddonian. We old stagers, perhaps, underrate the merits of the actors and actresses of to-day and make unfavorable comparison with those of the past, but my belief is that very few, if any, of the ladies now on the stage could match her. As readings, her 'Julius Caesar' and 'Coriolanus' were superb."

To illustrate the author's versatility as an actor, we find him appearing, on the regular or the amateur stage, in parts as various as Claude Melnotte in "The Lady of Lyons," Dr. Pangloss in "The Heir at Law," Cox in "Box and Cox," Goldfinch in "The Road to Ruin," Bottom in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the First Witch in "Macbeth," Captain Absolute in "The Rivals," John Mildmay in "Still Water Runs Deep," "Sir Edward Mortimer in "The Iron Chest," Maurice Warner in "Camilla's Husband," and many other rôles familiar to Victorian play-goers.

In a chapter headed "A Few Remarkable Men" there are gathered some recollections of Archibald Forbes, Edmund Yates, Frederick Villiers, and others. This concerning Kinglake is interesting:

"To the war correspondents whom I have met, I add Kinglake, the great historian of the Crimean War. I only knew him a few years before his death. He was a most courtly man — with that old knightly manner which has gone out of fashion, full of graceful gallantry even in trivial matters. I recollect when my two daughters were quite little girls, their going to a children's party, on which occasion he sent them two lovely bouquets, which made them very proud: a mere triviality, but worthy of the kind heart of the author of *Eothen*."

The author's professional experience of judges on the bench seems to have been a wide one, and the carefulness of his study of these dignitaries, with reference to the shaping of his pleas and arguments before them, entitles him to a respectful hearing in his retrospective descriptions of their various peculiarities. "Study your judge," was always his maxim, he tells us; "humour his weakness — judges have some — and never skate up to dangerous water. In such way, you may manage the judge whom other counsel have found unmanageable. Whenever you find your judge will do your work for you, let him do it; he will do it much better than you can." Among the eminent occupants of the judicial bench whom the author presents to our view are Chief Justices Cockburn and Coleridge, Lord Russell of Killowen, Justice Lush,

Sir George Jessel, Baron Huddleston, Justice Gainsford Bruce, Lord Brampton, and many others of note. Lord Russell he speaks of as "A figure which stood out pre-eminent among the legal men of the Victorian period, whether as Lord Chief Justice or Sir Charles Russell, whether as advocate, orator, or judge. As advocate, intrepid, brilliant, 'he could electrify the jury by the magic of his voice.' A perfect elocutionist — inflection, emphasis, accent, pause, harmony, all taking fit place. His action grand or graceful, as occasion required. His eloquence impassioned, he could move the multitude. In the great Parnell case, when he said, 'I have spoken not merely as an advocate, I have spoken for the land of my birth,' his speech was one of intense patriotism. I had the advantage of hearing it."

Under reminiscences of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn occurs the following:

"I remember, as if it were yesterday, his marvellous summing up in the Tichborne case, in which I was surprised to find my old amateur [actor] friend Dickens foreman of the jury. I felt great interest in it, as I was acquainted with 'Tichborne,' or 'de Castro,' or 'Arthur Orton,' or whosoever he was. Many believed in the Claimant — I confess I did. I was younger then. I recollect once sitting by his bedside when he was ill — a sparsely furnished room, a large crucifix at the head of his bed, the burly man lying on his back. I was much struck by his manner, and, despite the errors of speech of a seemingly uneducated man, he was full of intelligence, his ideas well expressed, his voice soft, even melodious, his bearing that of a gentleman — he was a mystery."

Not unlike the Tichborne case was the recent famous Druce case, with which Mr. Crispe was professionally connected, and of which he writes authoritatively, as he also does of the well-known case of "The Country Girl." Other chapters, on which we cannot here dwell, contain useful advice and instructive instances for young barristers. As a combination of actor, bohemian, club-man, frequenter of smart society, and successful barrister, Mr. Crispe writes in a manner to attract and hold one's attention. Two portraits of him, in wig and gown, appear in the book.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

The essential nature and limitations of this imposing work have been described for the readers of THE DIAL in a notice of the first two volumes.† The second two, which we are now to examine, could hardly exhibit any

*THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Volume III., Renaissance and Reformation; Volume IV., From Sir Thomas North to Michael Drayton. Cambridge, England: University Press. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

†THE DIAL, April 1, 1909.

distinct advance in the way of general plan or intended function; and they actually show little improvement in certain respects where it might with confidence have been awaited. Though we may again applaud the choice of some of the persons who have been enrolled as contributors, there is reason for astonishment at the number of others who are scarcely known in the field of English scholarship, and who in more than one instance have not succeeded in acquiring the bare technique of a passable style. It is true, Volumes III. and IV. contain a few articles which excel in style, in simplicity and directness of presentation, and in the rejection of details that might be confusing or in dispute, as well as of matter which, however attractive in itself, might not justly be included in the history of literature. Yet, to offset this, there are entire chapters which are devoted to such topics as "The Dissolution of the Religious Houses," "English Universities, Schools, and Scholarship in the Sixteenth Century," "The Book-trade, 1557-1625," and "The Foundation of Libraries." The second of these in particular constitutes a valuable discussion, long needed, of a subject having the utmost importance to students of Elizabethan poetry; but it represents the kind of subordinate investigation upon which the history of literature must be founded, rather than a portion of that history itself. And why, we may ask, should an article on the book-trade between the years 1557 and 1675, if it is to appear at all in such surroundings, be almost half again as long as one dealing with the position and influence of the Authorized Version of the Bible—especially when the editors in charge have given their tacit approval to the belief that the Authorized Version is "the first English classic," and to citations showing that it has been the most vital of all forces in its reaction upon subsequent masterpieces in English? Is there any good reason for this discord between the implied theory and the actual practice? No satisfying answer can be given to these questions; hence we may negatively characterize the two volumes under discussion as not only lacking, on the whole, in workmanship of style, but also as deficient in general perspective.

It seems necessary to speak still further of these shortcomings, as well as to point out the high degree of excellence which has been attained by some of the individual contributors. No one, however, will expect so brief a review as this to emphasize all the merits of two large volumes; for the work, when everything is said,

henceforth must be regarded as indispensable to the serious student of English literature.

In the matter of perspective, then, it may be observed that the amount of space which has been variously allotted to Drayton, Campion, Burton, and Sir John Davies, does not by any means correspond to what one might naturally have predicted. It is not easy to comprehend why Drayton has a long chapter to himself, and not Daniel also; or Campion a short one, while Davies has but a few pages. If the relative importance of these men were to be estimated by the effect of each upon the literature of the nineteenth century—and an objective standard of this sort would be better than none,—the attention which they would respectively secure would be very different from that which is accorded to them in the Cambridge History. And by what arbitrary ruling came the editors to decide that Sir Walter Raleigh, rather than Sir Philip Sidney, should be treated in a separate chapter? The fact is, of course, that in their desire at one time to follow the trend of literary movements, at another to discuss types of literature, and at another to recount the life of some very eminent individual, Messrs. Ward and Waller have not consistently adhered to any manifest principle of division and arrangement. As a result, we are too frequently annoyed by interruptions like the following, from the account of Samuel Daniel in Volume IV. (p. 155):

"Daniel's sonnets have been discussed elsewhere [in Volume III.] and no further mention need be made of them here, while his Senecan tragedies and his masques also belong to another section [other sections?] of this work [i. e., Volumes V. and VI., which are yet to come]."

Cross-references of this nature are sufficiently trying within the limits of a single volume. Where the treatise is more extensive, they are possibly unavoidable. Nevertheless, in a model structure like Croiset's *Histoire de la Littérature Grecque* the scaffolding is not thus painfully obtrusive,—indeed, one topic is there considered at a time, and the treatment of it finished; nor is the clear-cut impression of any phase of a subject marred by the arid and formless writing in which the editors of the Cambridge History have now and then allowed their collaborators to indulge. A case where editorial revision was needed may be found on page 183 of Volume IV.

"Fulke Greville, lord Brooke, belonged to an elder generation than that of the other poets in this chapter, and was an exact contemporary of Sir Philip Sidney, whose life he wrote. . . . Fulke Greville, primarily,

was a statesman and man of affairs. In 1598, he became treasurer of the navy, and, in 1614, chancellor of the exchequer. Born at Beauchamp court, Warwickshire, in 1554, Fulke Greville entered Shrewsbury school on the very same day as Philip Sidney, 17 October 1564, and, from Shrewsbury, he went to Jesus College, Cambridge, four years later. . . . Fulke Greville was a great patron of letters."

This repetitious clattering of dry bones, from a writer who at his best displays no little animation and critical insight, may serve to introduce a few additional remarks upon the style, or styles, of the Cambridge History.

At the outset, one may observe that, had the present work been a history of Greek literature, organized under the direction of men like Professors Tucker and Rhys Roberts, and other pupils of the late Sir Richard Jebb at Cambridge, the quality of the composition would almost certainly have been better on an average, and more even throughout. Is it possible that, by a tendency toward a too narrow specialization, scholarship in English has been drifting away in Great Britain from the more humane traditions of culture, and that, as in Germany and America, special students of modern literature are rewarded for their energy in searching out and merely recording, rather than for the attainment of a sense of values—through investigation, of course,—or for taste and the power of synthesis? If so, the editors of the Cambridge History, both of them skilled and acceptable writers, ought to be among the first to react against so harmful a drift, by exercising a greater care in the choice of their assistants.

One would not wish to see Mr. de Sélincourt, from whom the remarks on Fulke Greville are taken, in the number of those excluded. Since he is by no means the worst offender, we may quote his "Successors of Spenser" once or twice more, by way of indicating the average. In the following, he has not regarded Robert Louis Stevenson on the desirability of avoiding a too obvious recurrence of the letter *p* in English:

"In like manner, Sidney's famous apology for poetry and the English language worked upon his successors so greatly that they one and all wished themselves poets; and a surprising number were poets" (IV., p. 172).

Similarly here:

"He [Wither] . . . wrote pastorals, which were published in 1615 under the title *The Shepherd's Hunting*. In the fourth eclogue, in praising the poetry of 'My Willie,' . . . he extolled the power of poetry in general" (IV., pp. 178-9).

Again, this is a curious way in which to end an account of the life of Drummond of Hawthornden:

"He lived twenty-six years after the appearance of *Flowers of Sion*, and, from one point of view, his life in that year began. He took interest in the stirring events that followed the death of James I.; he wrote a history of Scotland; he married and had many children; he wrote topical prose pamphlets; he travelled; he rebuilt his house" (IV., p. 177).

"At any rate," demands Socrates in the *Phædrus*, "you will allow that every discourse ought to be a living creature, having a body of its own and a head and feet; there should be a middle, beginning, and end, adapted to one another and to the whole? . . . Now in this rhyme whether a line comes first or comes last, as you will perceive, makes no difference." In the case of a person who displays so little self-suspicion as Mr. de Sélincourt with respect to the employment of *s* and *p*, not to speak of sequence and other points of style, one may venture to exercise the *animus supicax* upon some part of his subject-matter. How many will agree that Drummond "saw and sang the truth [that God is love] less clearly, and, therefore, less beautifully, than Shelley," though "there is much in them of surprising similarity"? "In Drummond's poems . . . the idea remained a beautiful theory, whereas Shelley applied the idea to human life and worked it out in amazing detail, helped by his profound knowledge of human nature" (IV., p. 177). To me at least, Shelley is distinguished by his profound lack of such knowledge. And is it safe to affirm that "the sympathy which Milton could not but feel for the rebel transformed the figure of Satan from a fine conception to one of immortal grandeur," or that Milton "humanized the devil" (IV., p. 192)? "There is neither truth nor wit," observes Landor, following Addison, "in saying that Satan is hero [of 'Paradise Lost'], unless, as is usually the case in human life, he is the greatest hero who gives the widest sway to his own passions." Has Mr. de Sélincourt been duped by the bombastic arguments of the Miltonic Satan, forgetting how Milton himself describes these utterances?

"High words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance."

In these quotations from "The Successors of Spenser," various odd commas, and the unexpected absence of capital letters ("lord Brooke," "Jesus college"), are not the fault of the individual writer. The whole work, we must fear, is now committed to a mode of punctuation, especially in the setting off of short restrictive phrases, adverbial qualifiers, and the like, which frequently is irritating and for the most part

seems to be unwarranted by the best practice. The demands of uniformity notwithstanding, it would be well to adopt the less provincial usage in the remaining ten volumes. In the matter of ordinary proof-reading also, the standard of exactness maintained by the Clarendon Press readily suggests itself as more desirable; for though Volumes III. and IV. evince greater care in this regard than their predecessors, the number of misprints and other accidents of typography in them is far too large. "The Sonneteering Conceit of Immortality" [= *Immortality*] (III., p. 295) is a fair example. Also compare "Davison" with "Davidson," pp. 143, 225, of Volume IV.

But let us turn to what ought to be praised. "The sonneteering conceit of immortality" strikes a key-note in Mr. Sidney Lee's chapter on "The Elizabethan Sonnet," an able discussion, clear, full, and precise, showing the fruit of recent studies in Elizabethan authors and their French or Italian models; yet somewhat wanting in the quality of sympathetic insight. Mr. Lee does, in fact, lay too much stress upon questions of external form and superficial evidences of imitation; so that in the next volume (IV., p. 204) Mr. Harold H. Child is forced to observe:

"Into the vexed question of the genuineness of the sentiments expressed in [Drayton's] and other Elizabethan sonnets, this is not the place to enter. It is perhaps, generally recognized that the adoption of a poetic convention does not necessarily denote insincerity in the poet; and the question is not whether or whence he borrowed his conventions, but whether he has subdued them to his own genius."

We might infer from Mr. Lee that not even Spenser was competent wholly to subdue a borrowed form to the sincere expression of his own feelings. Still, if we put together what Mr. Courthope and others have said in these two volumes about the poets' poet, Mr. Lee's insistence on some of his favorite conclusions, even where they are not highly imaginative, will send no one far astray.

Spenser does indeed, and with justice, receive a large share of attention in these sections of the Cambridge History; and Mr. Courthope's special chapter on him is one of the most satisfactory things thus far in the whole work. It is not inspired—no one who is familiar with Mr. Courthope's "History of English Poetry" will marvel at the lack; but his training through

long term of years in his own extensive undertaking now enables him to render emphatic those things which ought to be made so, and to pass over and omit what is relatively or altogether

trivial. In other words, notwithstanding the customary dryness of his manner, he displays certain qualities which the Cambridge History as a whole does not, by manifesting a sense of order and proportion. His "Summary View of Spenser's Genius" (III., pp. 277-280) is admirable in its breadth and precision.

If the editors were fortunate in obtaining the services of Mr. Courthope for "The Poetry of Spenser," they were yet more so in securing those of Mr. Whibley for the chapter in Volume IV. on the Elizabethan translators; for his substance is equally good, and the form of his presentation most engaging. He too has an eye for what is of vital interest, so that we may condone his occasional fondness for epigram, if it betrays him into nothing worse than the declaration that Arthur Golding is "never a poet and never a shirk." Are we to admit that the bits of Golding's Ovid that have crept into the dramas of Shakespeare are not poetical? But we note with satisfaction that, in spite of the adverse judgment of Matthew Arnold, Mr. Whibley regards Chapman's translation of Homer as not only "vigorous," but also "faithful." "To do full justice to Chapman's work," he adds (IV., pp. 24-25), "a continuous reading is necessary. It shines less brightly in isolated passages than in its whole surface, various and burnished, like the shield of Achilles." Our commendation of the chapter must be extended so as to include the valuable bibliography of translations in thirteen pages of the appendix. No comparable list of references has hitherto been published.

What has been observed concerning the choice of collaborators for these two volumes does not hold with reference to the scholars who have been enlisted from countries outside of Great Britain. Professor Koeppel of Freiburg, for example, speaks with authority upon Barclay and Skelton; and our own Professor Cunliffe has two suitable chapters dealing with "A Mirror for Magistrates" and "George Gascoigne." Moreover, the editors have bestowed a signal mark of consideration upon America by inviting Professor Cook of Yale to explain the position and influence of the King James version of the Bible, a task for which the author was well fitted on account of his investigations into the bearing of Scriptural literature upon Old English, and his continued study of the relations between the Bible and subsequent writers like Ruskin, Shelley, and Burke.

LANE COOPER.

FROM ALASKA TO DARIEN.*

With pending realization of the long hoped-for and long deferred opening of a canal across the isthmus of Panama, the great Pacific Coast — that remotest of all shores from the main routes of commerce and travel — is destined to become the goal of an increasing number of Argonauts. The advertising literature of enterprising railroads, the richly-illustrated booklets of enthusiastic and experienced secretaries of state promotion committees and local chambers of commerce, and the glowing tributes of townsites and colony promoters, have done much to inform the enquiring public of the attractions, genuine and prospective, of the region which is well called the Italy of America. It is both refreshing and informing to turn from this alluring if sometimes turbid flood of information to a pleasing group of books whose authors view our occidental shores from diverse angles of vision and with very different horizons.

A comprehensive glance at "The Great Pacific Coast" of the three Americas is to be found in Mr. C. Reginald Enock's book with that title. The author's wide experience in travel, and his previous works dealing with Spanish-American countries bordering upon the Pacific, have made it possible for him to bring together in a unique volume a very complete and readable account of the Pacific countries, from Chili to Alaska, of "these sunset lands where roll twelve thousand miles of ocean surge against the Pacific shores." Single chapters are given to Mexico, Central America, Columbia, and Ecuador, Peru, and Chili; and four each to California and the Northwest, including Alaska. The book is rich in historical references, is descriptive in the best sense without being a dry mass of assorted detail, and is enlivened by personal incident and experiences. It exhibits to an unusual degree a comprehen-

*THE GREAT PACIFIC COAST. Twelve Thousand Miles in the Golden West. Being an Account of Life and Travel in the Western States of North and South America, from California, British Columbia, and Alaska, to Mexico, Panama, Peru, and Chili. With a Study of their Physical and Political Conditions. By C. Reginald Enock, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS OF CALIFORNIA. A Book for the Angler, Sportsman, and Tourist. By Charles Frederick Holder. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

CAMP AND CAMINO IN LOWER CALIFORNIA. A Record of the Adventures of the Author while Exploring Peninsular California, Mexico. By Arthur Walbridge North. With a Foreword by Robley D. Evans, U.S.N. Illustrated, and with Bibliography. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

BEYOND THE MEXICAN SIERRAS. By Dillon Wallace. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

sive grasp of the important and significant facts and factors in the environment of the peoples of the countries discussed, and of the industrial, commercial, social, and political factors of importance in their national life. Some inaccuracies inevitably creep into a work planned so comprehensively. Thus, the reader might think that the Union Pacific Railroad entered California; that eight thousand years was a fair estimate of the age of the great Sequoias, whereas four thousand is doubtless nearer the fact. The author's statistics of population also need chronological coördination, and his statement that prostitution is legalized in San Francisco calls for correction. It is far from being true that the State University at Berkeley "owes its existence mainly to a Californian millionaire"; nor is the sweeping generalization, made *à propos* of the boasted freedom of our educational institutions, at all justified by the fact that "the colour-line is jealously drawn in all American institutions in a way unknown in Britain or British dependencies." The author writes quite sympathetically of the Spanish-American peoples to whose faults and foibles he is at least lenient. His knowledge of American life has evidently been to a considerable degree gained in mining communities, those outskirts of modern civilization where the veneer of culture is badly abraded and the stratification of society is reduced to the simplicity of elemental disorder. For this reason, and doubtless also for others equally good and less complimentary to the Native Sons of the Golden West and to later arrivals, his freely expressed opinion of Californians is not palatable, nor on the whole a just appreciation of all the forces at work in our cosmopolitan life. He says:

"The Americans are a remarkable people for travelling. They are ever running across their continent and up and down it with the activity of ants, with one underlying motive — business. The powers of modern usuary are eloquently depicted in American railroads and hotels, and the ceaseless, restless life of barter which is the soul — at present — of these remarkable people. This constant flux and movement naturally prevents the crystallization of the Californians into the distinct nationality which their geographical environment and history might otherwise have induced. . . . The character of the people, to British eyes, seems overshadowed at times by the almost aggressive incivility and cynical shrewdness common to the Western American, which often hides their otherwise good qualities."

Though keenly critical of our crudities and shortcomings, and perhaps not fully cognizant of the sources of our culture and their real strength, the author is still sanguine "that an

era of real civilization will be the outcome of the strenuous life of this splendid stiff-necked people."

Our three remaining books deal with more restricted areas, and are written from less comprehensive points of view. The title of Mr. C. F. Holder's "Channel Islands" at once turns our thoughts abroad; but San Clemente, Santa Catalina, and their lesser sisters, have little in common with Jersey and Guernsey beyond their isolation. Bits of drifting desert sand, or of cactus-clad cañon, flung far a-sea and strung along the coast from Point Concepcion to the Mexican boundary, between the latitudes of 34° and 35° (about those of the Riviera and of Egypt), the Channel Islands of California offer one of the most picturesque and attractive play grounds of the world, and are destined as they become better known to become a boon of inestimable value to all lovers of nature. No one is better qualified than Mr. Holder to write of these islands, of their superb climatic conditions, cooler in summer than the shores of Nova Scotia and warmer in winter than Naples, of their submarine gardens and forests of giant kelps, of their unrivalled game-fishes—the leaping tuna, the great black sea-bass, the yellowtail, and the multitudinous lesser quarry of the deep-sea angler. Dr. Holder knows every nook and corner of the fishing-grounds, and is a veteran angler and sportsman, the founder and President of the famous Tuna Club of Avalon, membership in which is based solely on genuine piscatorial achievement. His book is mainly for the sportsman and tourist. It is illumined with abundant local color, enlivened with adventure, and filled from cover to cover with information attractively presented and handsomely illustrated. The author is a naturalist as well as a sportsman, and writes with enthusiasm and authority of the wonderful life revealed by the clever device of glass-bottomed boats in the turquoise waters of the ocean, and of the strange desert fauna and flora of these scattered islands.

Lower California remains to-day nearly as much a *terra incognita* as it was when voyagers charted it as an island and peopled its valleys with roving Amazons. Visited by followers of Cortez in 1533, and planted with Jesuit missions on an elaborate scale at great expense during the seventeenth century, little remains to-day of the Castilian civilization save the language and the shattered ruins of once magnificent missions or the crumbling bastions of long since dismantled forts. Twice won and

twice lost as a province of the United States, it yet remains a land apart from our own, with its beginnings of modern commercial exploitation largely in the hands of English syndicates and of French mining investors. Mr. Arthur W. North's "Camp and Camino in Lower California" is a vivid account of his travels the length of the land along the old "camino" or royal road connecting the missions. Surely the word "road" cannot be the equivalent of "camino" in this land at least, for even the trails are often untrodden and the ancient highway is lost in the desert or was never worn through the rocky fastnesses that bar all paths across the peninsula and guard its shores with barren precipitous cliffs. It is a land of mystery, of forgotten history, buried treasure, haunts of buccaneers, treacherous Indians, fierce pirates, and lost mines. For centuries it has taken its heavy toll on the engineers and prospectors who seek to explore its secrets and exploit its resources. Mr. North's book is a narrative of travel throughout the length and breadth of this land of desert and deserted mountains, of cactus and rattlesnakes, of widely separated water-holes and remote haciendas, and of thirst, thirst, and again thirst. Its higher mountains with their forests and game, the reputed great mineral wealth, the air of mystery which surrounds it, all send forth a perpetual challenge to adventurous spirits. The author is evidently such an one, and his story is well told. The illustrations are abundant, though unfortunately not well executed; but one is lucky to return from such a race with death without any pictures of the Inferno!

The commercial point of view dominates Mr. Dixon Wallace's "Beyond the Mexican Sierras," a book which recounts his personal experiences of travel in the Mexican states of Sonora, Sinaloa, Tepic, and Julisco. This remote and formerly inaccessible corner of the great Southern republic is being rapidly opened up to travel and commerce by railroad extensions, and offers a splendid field for American enterprise. Modern sanitary science has made possible the control of diseases that have ravaged this coast, especially in the lowlands; while the uplands offer superb climatic conditions, as well as rich agricultural and mineral lands. Mr. Wallace's book is valuable in the rather intimate account which it gives of native peoples and customs, and of the facilities—or, rather, lack of them—which these rural Mexican communities offer to the chance wayfarer. The work is richly illustrated, and is practically the first in the

English language to give an authoritative account of these newer parts of Mexico.

Such books as these of Messrs. Enock, North, and Wallace, with their stores of information and their sympathetic approach to Mexican life, serve to heighten our interest in our southern neighbor, and to pave the way for freer intercourse and wider contact of the two civilizations which our southern frontier has so long kept asunder.

CHARLES ATWOOD KOFOID.

THE FAMILY LIFE OF MOTLEY.*

While we are waiting for the life of Motley in the series of "American Men of Letters," we give warm welcome to the handsomely printed, indexed, and illustrated work on "John Lothrop Motley and his Family," containing further letters and records not included in the two octavos of Motley's Correspondence edited by the late George William Curtis. These later letters, connected by a thread of chronology and history, have been edited by Motley's daughter Susan and her husband, Mr. Herbert St. John Mildmay. Here we can look upon the portraits of the father and mother of the great historian, observe him in his earlier life, study the lineaments of his intellectual ancestors, see the house at the Hague in which he did some of his best work, learn how Prince Bismarck (who was his classmate) looked as a student, and contemplate his classic features as the Dutch artist, Madame Bisschop, delineated them. All true Americans feel proud as they look upon that picture. Those who have been behind the scenes will welcome as an old friend the volume of the Dutch historian Hoofd, which Motley holds in his left hand, no doubt opened at a favorite page. With this classic writer, as terse as Tacitus and as philosophical as Thucydides, Motley was as familiar as with the face of his wife. Around him, near the chair in the picture, are other books, like those of Bor and Wagenaar; Motley having read the works of the latter, as his Dutch physician told the reviewer, no fewer than nine times.

Motley knew fully the tragedy as well as the joy of life, and the ironies of fate that have befallen his memory seem almost like cruel jibes. All his descendants, his grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, are English; and the

eldest grandson, his pet and delight, was killed in the South African Boer War by a Dutchman. Thus this intensest of Americans is remembered in England in his living offspring as well as by literary fame; while in the United States his writings alone, with a few artistic memorials in Boston, keep alive his genial memory.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of the present volume will be found in the letters of Bismarck, who wrote and was written to in the most delightful spirit of *camaraderie*. When Motley sent him a copy of his "Rise of the Dutch Republic," Bismarck criticised his reference to the alleged *jus primæ noctis*, which as Professor Gummere in his "Germanic Origins" thinks, can belong only to the "horseplay of history"; while Bismarck asserts that it never existed in Germany in the sense in which the adversaries of the middle ages used it as a weapon against the German nobility.

Excellent taste characterizes the selection and editing of these letters. They show Motley a most intense American, and a believer in the ultimate supremacy of the Union arms during the war between the States, as expressed in his illuminating and forceful letters in "The Times." No doubt the results of Grant's pounding, Sherman's march, Sheridan's dash, and Thomas's tenacity had much to do with Mr. Edward A. Freeman's discontinuance of that wonderful fragment of his on "The History of Federal Government from the Amphictyonic Council to the Disruption of the United States of America." It is needless to say that Freeman's first and only volume was published before Appomattox, and was written previous to the Confederacy's being "sawed into three pieces," as Motley says, at Vicksburg, Gettysburg, and Chattanooga. The editors have wisely omitted some letters written during the war which, if printed now, might have made Motley seem rancorous and implacable.

Most delightful are the pictures of society and life in Austria. Despite the enjoyment of Motley and his family in those high circles, there must have been much to make a Yankee wish to laugh. One social canon required that engaged couples, when in public, must sit or stand together, holding between them a huge bouquet. Happily, engagements, when published, were not supposed to last longer than six weeks. We have most delightful bits of history about Motley's great book, how it was published, its reception, and the instant place it gave him in society and fame. Many of the letters are from, or written by, his wife,

*JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY AND HIS FAMILY. Further Letters and Records. Edited by his daughter and Herbert St. John Mildmay. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Co.

daughters, or other members of the family, so that the book is well entitled. Altogether we have found it one of the most delightful additions to American epistolary literature.

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

SOME RECENT DRAMAS.*

When a drama is offered only on the printed page, the critic does well to pause and hesitate. With a poem, a novel, an essay, his task is easier. These are written to be read; their authors have in mind an audience of readers, and readers only. With a play it is quite different. This is not written primarily to be read, but to be acted. Its author has in mind many things that he assumes will be provided by skilful actors and stage manager, — tones of voice, illusive scenery, costumes, pantomime, even eloquent silence. Unless the critic is prepared to supply much of this "stage business" between the lines as he reads, he should question his own fitness. Whether a play "will act" is a more vital consideration than how it reads.

In France, where we may well look for models of dramatic criticism as of many other forms of art, they are about to reestablish the "reading committee" for the Comédie Française, abolished in 1901. During the last nine years, the power of accepting or rejecting new plays has been vested in the director of the theatre company. Now, the French Minister of Public Instruction proposes that new plays shall be submitted to a committee of ten with the Director as president, and that at least seven members besides himself must be present at its meetings. Plays are to be read either by the author himself or by his representative, or by a member of the committee in the presence of the author if he desires to attend. Such are the precautions that no really good thing shall fail to be recognized, no poor thing be exposed to the merciless glare of the footlights.

Moreover, the burden laid upon the literary critic of the drama is comparatively a new one. For a long time indeed we have had the "literary drama" so-called, — that is, dramas written frankly for literary effect, almost always in blank verse, in a dialogue far removed, and meant to be far removed, from the

actual speech of daily life, and seldom with a view to stage presentation. Hence they differed little from poems, and could be judged mainly as poetry.

But with the advent of the modern social drama — compositions in prose aiming to present faithful pictures of men and manners — a new type of plays has presented itself for judgment. These plays date almost entirely from the last two decades, and they are pouring forth in a vast flood. Of the two thousand manuscripts said to have been submitted to the New Theatre in New York during the first fourteen weeks of its history, it is safe to say that a very large proportion were of this type. Of the six books of plays on the present reviewer's table, five are written with the evident hope of stage presentation, only one is frankly a closet drama. Also, it is somewhat typical of the present fashion in drama that not one of these six books has to deal with present times or themes in America. And this too is in accord with the experience of the New Theatre. Although the encouragement of American playwrights was one of its principal objects, only two plays by American authors were found of sufficient merit to be chosen, and only one of these dealt with American characters or conditions. Can it be that our lives are so hopelessly dull and commonplace that we offer no dramatic material? Is it not, rather, that the dramatist is not alive to his opportunity, — that it is his own lack of genius for seeing below the surface of things, his own lack of the poetic power, as Emerson defined it, "to see the miraculous in the common"?

In only one of our present group of books do we meet characters from everyday life and speaking the language of our own time. Mrs. W. K. Clifford, first on our list, offers "Three Plays" of English life. They seem quite well adapted for stage presentation; indeed, one of them — "Mr. Hamilton's Second Marriage" — has already been given in a London theatre. Another, "The Modern Way," has been adapted from a story of the same title. But the best play in the book is "Thomas and the Princess," a sweet love-story brought to a happy ending after a conflict with English traditions and class prejudices. Although not at all thrilling, it is sane and wholesome, — and we have not too many such just now.

Another volume of English plays is "Allison's Lad, and Other Martial Interludes" by Mrs. Beulah Dix, — six plays, each of one act only, and better suited to amateur than to professional presentation.

In the four-act drama by Mrs. Munn, Shakespeare is the hero. The first act is laid in 1582, at Charlecote Park, just after Shakespeare has stolen the deer; the second act is four years later, and shows him fleeing from his fireside with a company of strolling players; the third is twelve years after, when he has won fame and gained entrance to the courtly circles of the London of Queen Elizabeth; the fourth presents him at the crisis when he takes his resolve to return to his wife and children at Stratford. Thus the action covers that period of

*THREE PLAYS: Hamilton's Second Marriage, Thomas and the Princess, The Modern Way. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

ALLISON'S LAD AND OTHER MARTIAL INTERLUDES. By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

WILL SHAKESPEARE OF STRATFORD AND LONDON: A Drama in Four Acts. By Margaret Crosby Munn. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE TOSSEN: A Drama of the Renaissance. By Esther Brown Tiffany. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

A VISION OF GIORGIOIONE. Three Variations of Venetian Themes. By Gordon Bottomley. Portland, Maine: Thomas B. Mosher.

A GARLAND TO SYLVIA. A Dramatic Reverie, with a Prologue. By Percy Mackaye. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Shakespeare's life of which least is known, and which offers such a tempting field to the imagination. All of the characters are historic, and no undue liberties have been taken with any of them. It all "might have been," from the little we know of what really was. Written mostly in blank verse, and in the lofty phrase of the gentlefolk of the sixteenth century, it would call for good reading on the part of actors and actresses; but given these, there are enough dramatic moments, a clever enough plot and *dénouement*, to make it a good acting play. Certainly, it would be interesting if offered by a company having poetic feeling and capacities of expression, and with an actor of the proper endowment to show us Shakespeare "in his habit as he lived."

"The Tocsin," Mrs. Esther Brown Tiffany's drama of the Renaissance, is of the modern miracle-play type such as "Sister Beatrice" and others by Maeterlinck. The principal characters are an abbot and a nun. The scene is laid in 1586, first in Florence, afterward in Castle delle Torre outside the city of Pistoia. Its scenery and costuming would make this a beautiful "show" piece, but it is doubtful if anything but a picked audience of unusual cultivation would enjoy its plot and dialogue. Mrs. Tiffany is to be congratulated on the beautiful form given to her book by the publishers, — its Italian hand-made paper, its fine typography, and the charming binding of soft gray Fabriano boards.

Another beautiful specimen of book-making is Mr. Gordon Bottomley's "Vision of Giorgione," which has all the dainty features we have learned to expect in a Mosher book. There is scarcely another painter of equal rank with Giorgione of whom we know so little. Vasari mentions his fondness for music and his love for a lady. This furnishes Mr. Bottomley the inspiration for his sequence of three poems (rather than dramas) called "A Concert of Giorgione," "A Pastoral of Giorgione," and "The Lady of Giorgione." The poet has caught the Venetian atmosphere very perfectly in his charming verse; perhaps he has also caught the secret of the painter's method in a passage such as this:

"I pose models no more,
But find adorable ladies with such fair minds
They may be trusted to express themselves
Graciously, perfectly in perfect gowns;
I ask them to come here quite half in secret,
Wearing the gowns they think for quiet joy;
Sometimes I play them music of subtle discords,
Or tell them casual fragmentary stories
About the sudden things women do
Which no man understands. And I watch,
I paint and watch; they think they are but brooding,
Or wondering, or resting from their fate."

The author of "A Garland to Sylvia" takes himself very seriously. A preliminary page of his book announces that "performances are forbidden and right of representation reserved, under penalty provided by United States Statutes," of which Section 4966 is printed in full. A needless warning, one would say, for so thoroughly unactable

a piece! Needless also, and far too personal, seems the fifteen-page preface, recounting the composition of the manuscript, which was begun fourteen years ago, finished eleven years ago, and is now for the first time published, the eleven-year-old preface being included. Data so *intime*, in the case of youthful productions of a great poet like Tennyson or Browning after they have won their laurels by greater work, are sometimes worth while. They hardly seem so in this case of a Percy Mackaye. To be sure he has a certain knowledge of dramatic technique, with considerable poetic fancy; and some of his plays have proved successful on the stage. But these are hardly sufficient in quantity or distinguished enough in quality to give us a feeling of vital concern in his sophomore efforts. Notwithstanding some pretty symbolism, and some pretty verse in *terza rima*, this "Dramatic Reverie" might well have been left in the seclusion where it had remained so long.

ANNA BENNESON McMAHAN.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Roman relics
outside of the
Eternal City.*

Among visitors to Rome it is a familiar commonplace that the longer you stay in that city the less you seem to know about it. So infinite is its variety of interest, so numerous are the inquiries it arouses as to its past, that the subject seems practically inexhaustible. But now an archaeologist, Dr. A. L. Frothingham of Princeton University, has given us a book on "Roman Cities in Italy and Dalmatia" (Sturgis & Walton) proving that no stay in the Eternal City, however prolonged, can ever be adequate for a study of Roman civilization, — not because there is so much to see there, but because there is so little. So fragmentary are its ruins, so little is left in Rome itself compared with what we can find elsewhere in the Italian peninsula, that it is only by travel in these near-by regions that we can find answer to our most pressing questions. To discover what the early Romans wore and what they decorated their houses with, what were their religious rites and customs, we must explore their early tombs. But the number of such tombs in Rome is very small; indeed, in such places as Alba, Præneste, Veii, etc., there are necropoli far exceeding them in numbers, wealth, and extent of time. For a study of Roman architecture of the great style of the Empire, we have in Rome itself only the Cloaca and the Mamertine prison; for a study of old stone walls, with their mounds and fosses, their towers and gates, almost nothing is left. For these we must go to Etruria, Umbria, Latium, and other regions farther south. Not until the reign of Augustus did the life of Italy become centralized in Rome itself; and even after that time the fires and reconstructions of the Empire, quite as much as time and vandalism, helped to obliterate

or fundamentally deface all but a few works. Although Dr. Frothingham's book is written by a scholar and mainly for scholars, its style is so engaging, its comment so illuminating, that it cannot fail to command popular interest. The sixty-one full-page illustrations, with the maps, help us to answer the author's questions in his prologue: "What remaining Augustan temple in Rome can compare in preservation with those of Pola and Assisi? What Augustan arches or gates with those of Agnino, Arsta, Rimini, Spello, Pola, and Verona? What bridges in Rome equal those of Narni, Spoleto, Rimini, and Vulci?" Before going to Rome, it will not come amiss to anyone to read this instructive and agreeable book.

*A book of tears
and of smiles.*

Under the suggestive title "A Motley" (Scribner) are gathered a number of Mr. John Galsworthy's "stories, studies, and impressions," written during the last ten years, and all but two published in various English periodicals. They all illustrate this interesting writer's remarkable power of using apparently commonplace material to present a picture, delineate a character, or narrate an incident, with delicacy and vividness. In his pages, if anywhere in contemporaneous literature, we find what a recent critic of current fiction was asking for, the fusion of "sympathy with sincerity and tenderness with truth." In a sketch of only three pages, for instance, Mr. Galsworthy moves the reader profoundly by bringing him face to face, in a French railway train, with a sick sailor sent on naval service to distant China, while his poor mother, whose sole support he is, remains at home to grieve over his going and perhaps to starve. "Tell me — his eyes seemed to ask — why are these things so? Why have I a mother who depends on me alone, when I am being sent away to die?" The opening chapter, entitled "A Portrait," and now printed for the first time, is a masterly bit of description, almost without incident and thirty pages long, but so infused with life and reality as to hold the unwearied attention of the reader to the end. Pathos and humor, which fill a larger place in life than do hilarity and merriment, are the prevailing note of the book, which might perhaps best be briefly characterized as a book of tears and smiles.

*"The spoils of
Trafalgar."*

One of the most careful and thorough of contemporary historical monographs is that by Mr. Julian S. Corbett on "The Campaign of Trafalgar" (Longmans). The battle itself, although treated with great fullness, occupies a very small part of a large volume; for the book is an exhaustive study of causes and results. All the happenings in Europe, from May 1804 till December 1805, that had the remotest connection with the campaign — and some whose connection is rather difficult to see — are anxiously scanned for their bearing on the great sea-fight; and the reader is constantly warned that

all the events under consideration are bound into one great movement. This emphasis is a modern tendency that cannot be too highly approved; but Mr. Corbett's treatment of details is so exhaustive that it sometimes becomes difficult to see the city for the houses. He expresses surprise, in his preface, that the work he has performed so conscientiously should have remained so long undone, when studies of Waterloo, the great land-battle of the Napoleonic era, are numbered by the dozen. There are probably several good reasons for this; the best one is touched on by Mr. Corbett himself. Trafalgar did nothing for Europe, — Napoleon was too quick and clever at Austerlitz, and a score of other points, for that, — and Europe owes Nelson very little. Trafalgar did a great deal for England, it is true, not so much by securing the British Isles against invasion — for they were never in real danger of invasion — but by crushing the fleet that stood in the way of the English occupation of naval bases in the Mediterranean, thus securing and strengthening the British Empire; but its direct international significance was very small. Even the curtest of reviews must not neglect to mention the justice here accorded Lord Barham, the old First Lord of the Admiralty, who deserved quite as much credit for the success of the campaign as does Nelson himself, though he has received an astonishingly small amount of recognition from either his contemporaries or their descendants. Mr. Corbett is Lecturer in History in the Royal Naval War College, and his somewhat technical and austere volume will prove especially interesting and profitable to the special student of naval affairs.

*For the best
education
of women.*

The question of what women's education shall be has been debated so long and so one-sidedly that an impartial study of the matter is welcome. Dean Talbot's book on "The Education of Women" (University of Chicago Press) considers women's education from the standpoint of present-day social and economic needs, and is a concrete and definite study of these needs and the machinery for responding to them, and of the changes necessary in our colleges and curricula in order to fit women for meeting the obligations of life more successfully. In Part I., women's activities, past and present, are discussed; Part II. deals with our educational machinery, and, among other things, includes a comparative study of the curricula of a woman's college (Vassar) and of a State university (Wisconsin) in the years 1861 and 1909. The conclusion is that education in the women's colleges has become stereotyped around the classics and cultural studies; while the State university, representing coeducation, has developed a superior type of training in practical and scientific work. The writer strongly urges the changing of women's hitherto casual interest in social and intellectual affairs into a professional attitude toward work and study; she advises choosing a profession early in the college career, and the

selection of courses that best serve that purpose. She makes very definite pleas for the training of women in practical affairs, in the arts of the home, and in child-rearing. "So far as the social and economic arrangements of society allot to men and women different tasks," she says, "so far must the educational machinery be developed differently for the two sexes. That both be treated according to sound psychological principles, while to each is given the opportunity for being trained for such social tasks as await the well-equipped member of a modern democratic community, is the ideal to be sought." The book is interesting and important, not only to educators, but to the wider public not so directly concerned in the training of women.

The botany of the Rocky Mountains, revised to date.

Naturalists of the "old school," who were brought up on Gray's Manual of Botany, feel especially friendly toward each new edition of Gray, and toward each new edition of other books which extend its method and its typography beyond the old bounds of the northeastern quarter of the United States. Notable among the outgrowths of Gray's Botany was Coulter's "Manual of the Botany of the Rocky Mountain Region," published in 1885. Excellent as this volume was, its very excellence soon threw it out of date. It gave the basis for more intensive work, especially of local botanists; and this intensive work soon piled up the additions and corrections. The new edition of this work, by Professor Alven Nelson of the University of Wyoming, brings the whole flora up to date. The classification is modern, beginning at the bottom,—no longer with the "typical flower." The grouping of genera and species is along rational and scientific lines, neither radical beyond the facts nor conservative behind the times. The descriptions, after the fashion of those of Gray, are clearly written, condensed, and diagnostic, with helpful keys in the more difficult groups. The number of species included is 2733, placed in 649 genera. The *Compositæ* are placed last, as the most complex of flowering plants. Not botanists only, but naturalists generally will appreciate this useful piece of work.

The essays of Francis Thompson.

There is perhaps nothing in Francis Thompson's "Renegade Poet, and Other Essays" (Ball Publishing Co.), that quite equals in critical insight and charm of style the author's posthumous essay on Shelley—that article which startled "The Dublin Review" into an unheard-of second edition; but there is enough here to make us glad that Mr. Edward J. O'Brien has collected these pieces into a separate volume. They range all the way from the playful humor of the first essay, that gives the title to the volume, to the effort in the manner of DeQuincey called "Moestitiæ Enconium," and the more labored narrative in the style of Poe entitled "Finis Coronat Opus." The humor that lightens up most of the book is never very brilliant, but it is also never tire-

some. Occasionally back of the jest one sees the tragedy of Thompson's life, not obtrusive but none the less sure; one hardly needs Mr. O'Brien's biographical appreciation that introduces the volume, to guess how gloomy must have been the background of that life. In a criticism of Crashaw, Thompson reverts to the idea touched upon in the essay on Shelley, where he had said that "Crashaw and Shelley sprang from the same seed; but in the one case the seed was choked with thorns, in the other case it fell on good ground." Both were in a way metaphysical poets, and one was no more a devotional poet than the other. Perhaps the most suggestive essay in the collection is that on "Paganism, Old and New." We cannot, and we should not if we could, bring back the old paganism when paganism was a faith; that old paganism was without the two great factors in the beauty of modern poetry—nature and love. The paganism we could bring back is that of the days of Juvenal, and it is this paganism "which already stoops on Paris, and wheels in shadowy menace over England." For us, the poetry of paganism "was born in the days of Elizabeth, and entered on its inheritance in the days of Keats."

Sources of the inspiration of Emerson.

"The Teachers of Emerson" (Sturgis & Walton Co.), by Professor John S. Harrison of Kenyon College, presents the results of a careful study which "has convinced the author that Greek thought has been the most important factor in Emerson's intellectual development." In three hundred and fifteen scholarly pages, duly provided with preface, footnotes, bibliography, and index, he points out Emerson's indebtedness to Platonist and Neo-Platonist thought throughout his works, both prose and poetry. It is an impressive exhibit, but not a surprising one, since we are all familiar with the prevailing trend of thought in our New England Plato. Rather unaccountable in so thorough a sifting of relevant material is the omission of the Emerson Journals, two volumes of which appeared last November, five months before the issue of Mr. Harrison's work. The Journals, however, so far as published, lend no great strength to the theory of Emerson's predominant indebtedness to Plato and the Greeks; for the non-Hellenic authors quoted and referred to in their pages are greatly in the majority. And so Mr. Harrison's book is really a study of but one phase, though a most important one, of Emerson's mind.

Studies of the laboring class in Europe.

Mr. Samuel Gompers's "Labor in Europe and America" (Harper) represents, in large part, a set of loosely combined observations, desultory impressions, and comments, from a diary kept by the writer on a trip through Europe during the summer of 1909. He was the representative of the American Federation of Labor to the British Trades-Union Congress, to the International Congress of Trades-Unions, and to other local bodies at this time. Mr.

Gompers was interested chiefly in conditions of labor in the various countries that he visited,—such problems as unemployment, poverty, and related topics, having his special attention. Impressions of various other aspects of English and Continental life are included, however, and contrasts with American manners and customs mentioned, all in a keen, if not profound, fashion. In addition, there are a few chapters on more general subjects, in which such matters as "Tipping Systems," "Railway Travel," "Plain Water and Pure Air," are treated with sound common-sense. The book as a whole has in it a considerable number of facts interesting to the student of labor problems; its main value lies, however, in the first-hand impression that it gives of the life and work of the laboring class in Europe. That it is written by a man with an obviously strong bias for labor-unionism and a sharp eye for the good results of that system, need not bother anyone who makes the proper allowances.

*The outlook
for women in
Western Canada.*

There have been so many books in recent years recording various persons' impressions of Canada and things Canadian, that one is inclined to doubt the probability of a new volume in this field containing anything particularly new or informing. Mrs. Cran's book "A Woman in Canada" (Lippincott), has the merit of approaching what is after all a pretty big subject, from a comparatively fresh point of view. She tells, in a very entertaining way, the story of a journey through Western Canada, made with the specific object of studying the conditions from a woman's standpoint, and for the particular benefit of English-women who might have pluck and determination enough to face the hardships of pioneer life for the sake of winning an independence. After a careful examination of the conditions, her conclusion seems to be that there are splendid opportunities in Western Canada for women of the right class; and if they should grow tired of an independent existence, there are scores of young bachelor farmers in the West who will be only too glad to join forces with them.

*The Spain of
the Spaniards.*

Mrs. Villiers-Wardell's "Spain of the Spaniards" (Scribner) treats fully and intelligently of life in Spain at the present day—the court, the press, the theatre, literature, commerce, sports. The work belongs to the realistic rather than the romantic school of books descriptive of Spain, and gives accurately-stated facts instead of fleeting impressions. The bull-fight chapter, for instance, tells the rules and customs that govern the performance; the various acts, or *suertes*, are described, and even the costumes of the performers are pictured in detail. The principal living *toreros* are characterized, the breeding and handling of the bulls explained, the cruelty of the sport discussed—giving the Spaniard's point of view,—and an idea is given of that important organ, the bull-fight press; so that the reader is

provided with definite information upon which to form opinions. This chapter is characteristic of the book,—which treats, as stated in the Introduction, of Spain of the Spanish, not of Spain of the English.

BRIEFER MENTION.

"The Century Dictionary" has recently extended its scope by the inclusion of two supplementary volumes, prepared under the editorship of Dr. Benjamin E. Smith. The new volumes are not only as thorough and elaborate in every respect as the originals, but are perhaps even more completely the work of specialists. Some idea of the additions included may be gained from the following rough summary: New Words, New Meanings of Old Words, New Encyclopedic Articles, New Foreign Words and Phrases, Slang Words and Colloquialisms, Trade-Names, New Abbreviations, Simplified Spellings, and Proper-Name Additions and Corrections. Seventy-nine collaborators have been engaged upon the Supplement, which, together with the original volumes, now includes about five hundred and fifty thousand words.

The first in order of Professor Bronson's "English Poems" (University of Chicago Press), and the last to appear, covers the period from 450 to 1450. The Anglo-Saxon poems are done into modern prose, the work of Mrs. Bronson, who has preserved as far as is possible the flavor of the original. The Middle English poems have not been adapted for the benefit of the modern reader, who can, however, by the aid of notes and glossary, interpret the text without much trouble. The whole series is intended for use in college classes. Chaucer is represented by the "Prologue" and the "Nonne Preestes Tale," both complete. There are eighteen entire ballads and two *fyttes* of the "Gest of Robin Hood." Types of mediæval drama are furnished in the Chester "Deluge," the Coventry "Abraham's Sacrifice," "Everyman," five scenes from the "Marriage of Wit and Science," and Heywood's "The Four PP." Notes, glossary, and bibliography make up the critical material.

A child's life of St. Francis by the late Sophie Jewett of Wellesley College has just been published by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. Under the title "God's Troubadour," the lovely mediæval story is told with a charm of literary distinction such as rarely goes into the making of a book for young readers. One likes to think what it will mean to those who, however unconscious of the art behind its sweetness, will follow the boy Francis from the time when, at the gates of Assisi, he welcomed home his splendid merchant father, through the years of his gay young manhood, to that in which—mystic, saint, and gentlest lover of men—he wandered on moonlit hillsides among the sleeping shepherds and dreamed of Bethlehem and the little Christ; or how, blessing bird and beast and flower, suffering, toiling, yet God's sweetest singer still, he waited till the coming of his "Sister Death." The story is full of vivid sketches of thirteenth century Italy, with now and then a word of present-day Umbria, which the photographs scattered through the book aptly illustrate. Some paintings of the early Italian masters have been reproduced for their concrete suggestions of old days;

and the translations from Italian songs and lyrics further enhance the old-world atmosphere which pervades the volume.

Although Mr. Carleton Noyes has entitled his monograph "An Approach to Walt Whitman," his little book of 230 pages is such a summing-up of the poet as will be best enjoyed by one who is already a disciple, and most useful to one who is familiar with Whitman's work. It is a quite just appreciation of the author of "Leaves of Grass," obviously sympathetic but altogether sane. There are few biographical details; fewer, even, than in Isaac Hull Platt's little volume on Whitman, in the "Beacon Biographies." As an interpretation of Whitman, however, Mr. Noyes's book deserves a place with Carpenter's "Whitman" in the English "Men of Letters" series, and Perry's "Walt Whitman, His Life and Work." The chapter on "Whitman's Art" is clear and sound. Mr. Noyes has a pleasing style—a style free from the strain for paradox or epigram. The book is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company and is handsomely issued, containing a reproduction of the poet's best-known portrait.

The two volumes of Schipper's "Englische Metrik" were published in 1881 and 1888 respectively, and in 1895 an abridgment of this work, called "Grundriss der englischen Metrik"; now, fifteen years later, appears the first English translation of the shorter work by Professor Schipper himself, under the title "A History of English Versification" (Oxford University Press). This is more, however, than a mere translation; the first few chapters have been "somewhat more fully worked out," and errors noted in the "Grundriss" have been corrected. The first book treats of the line, the second of the structure of the stanzas. It would have been better if the word "verse" had been used throughout instead of "line," if for no other reason than the sake of uniformity. Thus, in Book I, Chapter X., there is a discussion of the three-foot line, and in the chapter immediately following, of the rhymed five-foot verse. The general tendency to-day is to use verse for the older line and stanza for the older verse. There is unfortunately no index, but this lack is partly made up by a full table of contents.

Professor Charles Werner's "Aristote et l'idéalisme platonicien" (Paris, Félix Alcan) is a volume in the series entitled "Collection historique des grands philosophes." A comparison with the volumes already published in the Scribner's "Epochs of Philosophy," or the Dodge Company's "Philosophies Ancient and Modern," shows that they do things differently, if not better, in France. This volume is a much more serious and severe piece of work than any contributor to an American or English series of the kind would venture to offer the public. It is a close but lucid metaphysical analysis of the more abstract parts of the Aristotelian philosophy, with especial emphasis on their relation to Plato. The more humane and concrete works of Aristotle, the Ethics, Politics, Rhetoric, and the biological writings, are practically ignored. The work is well done, but this is hardly the place to attempt a summary of it. The most important new result reached is that Aristotle's God is the soul of the world. There is much to be said against this view. But even those who cannot accept the author's conclusion will learn something from following the course of reasoning by which he arrives at it.

NOTES.

An edition of the late Sophie Jewett's complete poems is announced for fall publication by Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Those who are acquainted with the rare quality of Miss Jewett's poetic work will look with interest for this volume.

From Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co., of London, comes the first issue of a new monthly periodical, christened "The Beau," devoted to "the science of pleasure." It is well printed, artistically decorated, illustrated in etchings and photogravures, and seems to be of rather varied interest, containing articles ranging from "The Future of Marriage" and "The Sanctity of the Eccentric" to "The Woodcuts of Ellen Thesleff" and "Pavlova and the Spirit of Dancing."

Messrs. Duffield & Company's list of books for the autumn includes "Chantecler" in English; H. G. Wells's "The New Machiavelli"; Marguerite Bryant's "Anna Kemburn, Truthseeker"; Richard Dehan's "One Braver Thing"; Mrs. Sharp's "Memoir of William Sharp"; Esther Singleton's "Furniture"; "Heroic Spain," by E. Boyle O'Reilly; "Sketches and Snapshots," by the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell; Christian Tearle's "Rambles with an American"; "Socialism Past and Present," by G. R. S. Taylor and others.

The handsome new "Memorial Edition" of Meredith, published by Messrs. Scribner, has now fourteen volumes to its credit, comprising the following titles: "The Shaving of Shagpat," "The Ordeal of Richard Feverell," "Rhoda Fleming," "Evan Harrington," "Sandra Belloni," "Vittoria," "The Adventures of Harry Richmond," "Beauchamp's Career," and "The Egoist." Each of the last five titles mentioned comprises two volumes. A special feature of this edition will be found in the illustrations, which consist of photogravure reproductions of the author's portraits, homes, and the scenes associated with his novels.

Dr. Johann David Schoepf's "Reise durch einige der mittlern und südlichen vereinigten nordamerikanischen Staaten, 1783-84," translated by Mr. Alfred J. Morrison, is announced for early publication. Dr. Schoepf was a surgeon in the German division of the British army, who, on coming to this country, set out from New York and spent ten months in the examination of the coast states as far south as St. Augustine. He was a trained observer, and did much good work in the study of North American geology, materia medica, fishes, and meteorology. As a contribution to the history of the Confederation, his forthcoming work is undoubtedly of value.

Among the Houghton Mifflin announcements of books for the coming season are the following: "John Winterbourne's Family," by Alice Brown; "A Man's Man," by Ian Hay; "The Meddlings of Eve," by William J. Hopkins; "The Empty House, and Other Stories," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "The Battle of the Wilderness," by Morris Schaff; "The Corsican: A Diary of Napoleon's Life in his Own Words," compiled by R. M. Johnston; "Our House and the People in It," by Elizabeth Pennell; "In the Catskills," by John Burroughs; "The Digressions of V," by Elihu Vedder; and "John Brown: A Biography, Fifty Years After," by Oswald Garrison Villard. In addition to these are holiday editions of Bret Harte's "Salomy Jane," Brownings's "Pippa Passes," Mrs. Wiggins's "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford."

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

August, 1910.

African Game Trails—XI. Theodore Roosevelt. *Scribner*.
 Air Navigation. Laws for. L. J. Minahan. *World To-day*.
 American Characteristics. Guglielmo Ferrero. *Atlantic*.
 American Gypsy, The. R. M. F. Berry. *Century*.
 American Salesman in Pan-America. *The World To-day*.
 British Rule in India—II. Lord Curzon. *North American*.
 Burroughs, John, and John Muir. Clara Barrus. *Century*.
 Canada to the Rescue. Cy Warman. *World To-day*.
 Carpenter, Edward. Mrs. Havelock Ellis. *Forum*.
 Catholicism and the Future. Robert H. Benson. *Atlantic*.
 Central West, Education in. Cyrus Northrop. *World To-day*.
 Child Life, Regeneration of. Rosa Chiles. *Forum*.
 City, Oxygenizing a. Burton J. Hendrick. *McClure*.
 Congress, The Trouble with. Frederic C. Howe. *Everybody's*.
 Cotton Tariff, The. Samuel M. Evans. *World's Work*.
 Courts, American, versus English. W. N. Gemmill. *No. Amer.*
 De Morgan, A Letter To. Charlotte P. Hardin. *Atlantic*.
 Doctors, Fewer and Better. Abraham Flexner. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Dramatic "Line," The. Vanderheyden Fyles. *Forum*.
 De Morgan, William. G. W. Harris. *Review of Reviews*.
 Earthquakes, Studying. T. A. Jagger, Jr. *Century*.
 Edinburgh Conference, The. C. H. Fahn. *Review of Reviews*.
 Future, The Nation's. F. P. Elliott. *North American*.
 Garden of the Heart, A. Hildegarde Hawthorne. *Century*.
 German Ex-Librista, The. Gardner Teall. *Bookman*.
 Germantown Cricket Club. Mabel Priestman. *Int. Studio*.
 Gospels, Greek Strain in our Oldest. G. H. Gilbert. *No. Amer.*
 Grain Supply, Our. F. W. Fitzpatrick. *World To-day*.
 Haackel, Ernst. Herman Scheffauer. *North American*.
 Holy Land, The—VI. Robert Hichens. *Century*.
 Imagination, The Dialectic. J. G. Hibben. *North American*.
 Industrial Accidents. C. L. Chute. *Review of Reviews*.
 Jefferson, Thomas—Post. P. L. Haworth. *Bookman*.
 Khayyam, Omar. Allen Upward. *Forum*.
 King George the Fifth. Sydney Brooks. *McClure*.
 Lawn-Tennis. Walter Camp. *Century*.
 London Theatre, The. Clayton Hamilton. *Bookman*.
 Mexico, Investments in. T. K. Long. *World To-day*.
 Middle West, Private Education in. N. Butler. *World To-day*.
 "Morgues," Journalistic. George J. Nathan. *Bookman*.
 Mount Wilson Observatory, The. H. T. Wade. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Municipal Church, The. Washington Gladden. *Century*.
 National Food Law, The. E. B. Clowes. *World To-day*.
 Nervous Strain, The. Agnes Reppier. *Atlantic*.
 New York's Public Service Companies. *Review of Reviews*.
 Oberammergau Players, Stories of. Louise Richards. *McClure*.
 Pease, Two Hindrances to. Charles W. Elliot. *World's Work*.
 Physiological Light. F. A. McDermott. *Popular Science*.
 Plant Breeding. Edward M. East. *Popular Science*.
 Platt, Senator, Autobiography of—III. *McClure*.
 Police, Menace of the—V. H. C. Weir. *World To-day*.
 Politicians, In Praise of. Samuel M. Crothers. *Atlantic*.
 "Pork-Barrel," Crime of the. Hubert B. Fuller. *World's Work*.
 Reconstruction Period, Diary of—VII. Gideon Welles. *Atlantic*.
 Redfield, Edward W. J. N. Laurvik. *Int. Studio*.
 Research Museum, The. Joseph Grinnell. *Popular Science*.
 Roof Garden, The City. F. A. Collins. *Review of Reviews*.
 Roosevelt and John Bull. W. B. Hale. *World's Work*.
 Roosevelt the Husbandman. H. J. Forman. *Review of Revs.*
 San Francisco in Fiction. Bailley Millard. *Bookman*.
 School Attendance, Decrease in. L. M. Gulick. *World's Work*.
 Selling Power, A Government. M. J. Patton. *World's Work*.
 "Sentimentalists, The." George Meredith. *Scribner*.
 Shakespearean Document, A New. C. W. Wallace. *Century*.
 Sheep, The Toll of the. G. W. Ogden. *Everybody's*.
 Siberia and the Russian Woman. Rose Strunsky. *Forum*.
 South, Gentlemen of the. Harris Dickson. *Everybody's*.
 South, The, Since the Civil War. Garland Greever. *No. Amer.*
 Streets, Clearing our Crowded. S. Ossoski. *World To-day*.
 Sumner, William Graham. J. P. Norton. *World's Work*.
 Teaching, Humor of. Louise I. McWhinnie. *World To-day*.
 Time, New Reservation of. William J. Tucker. *Atlantic*.
 Thackeray, Contemporary Views of. Sarah Cleghorn. *Atlantic*.
 Theatre, Next Phase of the. H. Granville Barker. *Forum*.
 Threnodies, Some Lesser. L. W. Smith. *North American*.
 Vegetation. Robert M. Gay. *Atlantic*.
 War and Peace. W. H. Moore. *North American*.
 War, The Moral Equivalent of. William James. *McClure*.
 Wisconsin's Public Utilities. J. R. Commons. *Review of Revs.*
 Women, The, of To-Morrow. William Hard. *Everybody's*.
 Working-Men, Wants of. Percy S. Grant. *North American*.
 Wright Brothers, The. Arthur W. Page. *World's Work*.
 Writing, Craftsmanship of. Frederic Taber Cooper. *Bookman*.
 Yosemite, On Foot in the. Bradford Torrey. *Atlantic*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 39 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Lord Glenesk and the "Morning Post." By Reginald Lucas. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 442 pages. John Lane Co. \$8. net.
 The Life and Public Services of J. Glancy Jones. By Charles Henry Jones. In 2 volumes, with portrait in photogravure, large 8vo. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$7.50 net.
 The Real Roosevelt: His Forceful and Fearless Utterances on Various Subjects. Edited by Alan Warner; with foreword by Lyman Abbott. With portraits in photogravure, etc., 12mo, 202 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1. net.

HISTORY.

The Martyrdom of Man. By Winwood Reade. With introduction by F. Legge. Eighteenth edition; with portrait in photogravure, 12mo, 651 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.50 net.
 History of the University of Arkansas. By John Hugh Reynolds and David Yancey Thomas. Illustrated, large 8vo, 555 pages. University of Arkansas Press.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Literary Criticism from the Elizabethan Dramatists. By David Klein, Ph.D.; with introduction by J. E. Spingarn. 12mo, 267 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. \$1.50 net.
 Questions on Shakespeare. By Albert H. Tolman. In 2 volumes, 16mo. University of Chicago Press. \$1.75 net.
 Theodore Roosevelt as an Undergraduate. By Donald Wilhelm. 12mo, 119 pages. John W. Luce Co. 75 cts. net.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

My Army Life on the Plains, and the Fort Phil Kearney Massacre. By Frances C. Carrington. Illustrated, 12mo, 310 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2. net.
 Trails through Western Woods. By Helen Fitzgerald Sanders. Illustrated, 8vo, 811 pages. Alice Harriman Co. \$2. net.

FICTION.

One Braver Thing. By Richard Dehan. 12mo, 610 pages. Duffield & Co. \$1.50.
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